

PEACE on EARTH.

A Congratulatory

POEM.

By *WILLIAM WALLER, A. M.*
Rector of *Walton, in Bucks.*

*Quare in tranquillo tempestatem adversam optare dementis
est; subvenire autem tempestati quavis ratione, sa-
pientis.*

Cic. de Offic. Lib. I.



L O N D O N :

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TO
Sir *Nicholas L'Estrange*, Bar^t.
OF
HUNSTANTON,
IN THE
COUNTY of NORFOLK.

Honoured SIR,

Having formerly had the Honour of a very large Share of Your Favours, I was glad of this Opportunity of making a Publick Acknowledgment to all that Part of the World that I am acquainted with. I own the Performance bears no Proportion to the Dignity of the Patron; but my Design will be accomplish'd in some measure by this, as well as by a Work more Eminent. A Post of Inferior Rank may carry an Express as well as a Person of Quality; the same Office I expect the following Lines will execute, namely to make known my grateful Sentiments of Your past Kindness, to all those into whose

DEDICATION.

*Hands they shall come. Besides, I know none to whom
I can more justly have recourse on this Occasion than
Your self, whose obliging, mild, pacifick Temper bears
so near an Affinity to the Subject of the Poem. Rely-
ing upon which Goodness and Sweetness of Nature, I
hope I shall not incur Your Displeasure by my Pre-
sumption, which is the utmost Ambition of,*

Honoured SIR,

Your most Obliged,

and Obedient Servant,

W. WALLER.

Peace on Earth.

MOST justly now 'tis ev'ry Muse's Theme
 To sing Encomiums to the World's Supreme ;
 Who has at last dispos'd us to be Wise,
 And all long-spun Debates to comprimize :
 Has cool'd Gaul's Monarch's boundless Thirst of Reign,
 Brought him to Think, and know that Restless Man
 In vain disturbs himself, and walks in Shadows vain. }
 That Thankful Lays are in the first Place due
 To Heaven, the Mighty Work does plainly shew ;
 Not the best Industry of Human Kind,
 Unaided by the All-directing Mind, }
 Cou'd Pow'rs cement so horribly disjoyn'd.
 'Twas He who moves this Universal Frame,
 Who can impetuous Commotions tame ;
 Whose Word resistless rules the changeful Main,
 Can wake the Storm, or its loud Rage restrain ;
 'Twas He whose Voice when low'ring Chaos heard,
 The Sullen Negro into Form was scar'd ;
 Light's Lovely Beams thro' all the Expanse shone,
 And the whole Mass a Glorious Face put on.
 The same Command has all our Discords quell'd,
 War's Hideous Melancholy Shades dispell'd ;
 With Rays of *Peace* has blest Fair *Britain's* Isle,
 Which now with Brighten'd Looks begins to smile.

But next to *Peace's* A U T H O R most Sublime,
 Say, *Muse*, to whom must we direct our Rhyme ?
 To whom must we our Solemn Thanks apply,
 As the Chief Agent of the A U T H O R High ?
 Sure to our Glorious Q U E E N, we owe to Her
 Our first Acknowledgments without Demur.
Muse, to thank *ANNA* next thy self employ,
 Whose Blest Endeavours wrought this Massy Joy :
 Exhaust thy Stores Her Merits to rehearse ;
 For sure She's worthy of Immortal Verse.

Hail Sacred *ANNE*, the Glory of our Isle,
 Predestin'd to *Unite* and *Reconcile* ;
 Thou fast hast *Janus* his Fam'd Temple shut,
 And final Stop to Bick'ring Armies put.
Bellona's Title was by Thee desir'd,
 No longer than Necessity requir'd ;
 Thy Serene Soul thinks it more Honour far,
 To be the *Patroness* of Peace than War.
 Thy deep Concern is for the Nation's Good,
 Not being lavish of their Wealth and Blood :
 Nor Floods of Human Gore doſt love to ſpill,
 To gratify an Over-grasping Will.
 Thou thy Prerogative doſt gentler uſe,
 And of ſtrict Glory to abate doſt chufe,
 Rather than of thoſe Streams to be profuſe.
 'Tis true, ſome Proud Despotick Tyrants can
 Remorſeless view that Noble Creature Man,
 Welt'ring in Slaughter : Millions of them slain,
 In ſome Obdurate Hearts create no Pain :
 The whole Creation to the Sword they'd put,
 Their ſweet Revenge on Enemies to glut.
 But Glorious *ANNA*, God-like as ſhe's Great,
 Heav'n's Master-Piece with more Regard do's treat ;
 Of Temper Mild, Relenting and Divine,
 To ſtop more Blood-ſhed, Conquest do's decline ;
 Nor Human Bodies longer can endure,
 Shou'd Birds of Prey regale, or Fields manure.

Hark, *ANNA*! how to Eternize thy Reign,
 Methinks we hear the Bright Seraphick Train
 Resounding their Old Carol once again.

And as with Radiant Wings they upwards fly,
 In Tuneful Accents, *Peace on Earth* they cry.
 And *Peace on Earth* will queſtioneſs ensue,
 Since other Nations *Britain's* Monarch view
 As a Dictator both of Peace and War,
 Her Motions lead like a Directing Star ;
 Moſt likely then bleſt Concord's Name will ſound
 Not only here, but all the World around.

How nobly will Chronology be grac'd,
 When in its Records this Transaction's plac'd ?
 Search Histories, and ſince Redēem'd Mankind,
 We cannot ſuch a Signal *Era* find.

Let well-penn'd Annals be to *ANNA* just,
 To whose Veracity Her Fame we trust ;
 O may they with peculiar Care recite,
 In Characters distinctly large and bright,
 This Year's Memoirs, this Celestial Ease,
 And from dire Wars a general Release,
 To bask i'th' Sun-shine of a lasting Peace.

From *Jove* and *ANNA* sooting Muse descend,
 To those who did our Nations much befriend ;
 Who kindly did War's Votaries oppose,
 And our deep Wounds with healing Counsels close.
 Amongst which Patriots Illustrious shines
OR MOND's Thrice noble Duke, sprung from the Loins
 Of Ancestors Renown'd, Fam'd *Butler*'s Race,
 Whose polish'd Soul no less'ning Flaws deface ;
 Whom no mis-leading Paffion do's enslave,
 Whom all confess Wise, Generous and Brave.
Landen's Ill-fated Plains can testify,
 (Where He did pale and almost breathless lye,) }
 That *OR MOND*'s Duke is not afraid to die.
 He tho' well vers'd in *Mars*'s fierce Alarms,
 Nor was a Stranger to successful Arms ;
 Yet chose to wave the Glories of the Field,
 And unto Overtures pacifick yield.
 Being for the Publick Good more Zealous far
 Than all the Perquisites obtain'd by War.
Hibernia's Lustre, lovely *Norfolk*'s Pride,
 Justly in Stations high do'st Thou preſide,
 Whether in hostile Times, or when we're pacified.

Now Muse to *OXFORD*'s Peer thy Flights betake,
 And grateful Mention of those Wonders make,
 By this great Instrument of Heav'n wrought,
 Who great Designs has to Perfection brought ;
 Who Factious Wiles sagaciously eludes,
 And disappoints their vile projected Feuds :
 Who indefatigably do's contrive
 All Blessings on his Country to derive :
 Peace, Honour, Commerce, with stupendous Gain,
 Are all the happy Offspring of his Brain.

Far distant 'tis from Flatt'ry Thee to stile
 The Mighty Guardian Angel of our Isle :
 For its Malignant Ills, Physician best,
 Prescribing Loyalty and timely Rest.

With

With solid Judgment *ANNA* did confer
 Her Realm's strong Sinews to thy watchful Care,
 Since none's so fit to guard Her Golden Fleece
 As a firm Friend to *Monarchy* and *Peace*.

Thro' hard Exploits Thou Noble Peer hast run,
 Resembling those by Great *Alcides* done ;
 By Thee a Num'rous-headed *Hydra* fell,
 Dire Monster always eager to rebell :
 Not being able to endure the Sight
 Of a Crown'd Head without Infernal Spight.
 What more that Hero did of Race Divine,
 Bears strange Allusion to some Acts of Thine ;
 In thy Atchievements something like we find
 Monsters repell'd, pernicious to Mankind :
 Stymphalick Birds extinct, which Fruits devour'd,
Augean Stalls to Purity restor'd.
 Nor did th' Implacable Celestial Queen
Alc'mena's Son more enviously malign,
 Than Malecontents thy flaming Merits hate ;
 For oft do's Virtue Malice keen create.
 We trembling and aghast to Mind recal
 Thy most inhumanly attempted Fall :
 When He whose Villanies thou did'st detect,
 Did at thy Loyal Breast his Rage direct ;
 Deed fit for those with Papal Rancour fill'd,
 And well in base Assassination skill'd.
 But that we might not thy Assistance lose,
 'Twixt thee and Death kind Heav'n did interpose,
 And justly did the Bold Delinquent smite :
 So may it all such Profligates requite,
 Who in Perfidiousness and Blood delight.
 And still may Heav'n's Protection be as sure,
 Be *Harly*'s Life as his Great Name secure :
 May Providence Divine his Life protect,
 To enjoy that Peace which He so nobly did project.

But *Muse*, at length thy roving Song pursue,
 And chant aloud Congratulations due
 To that most Excellent Pacifick Pair,
 Who in Blest Embassies Co-partners were.
BRISTOL and *STRAFFORD*, of Exalted Fame,
 In Functions diff'rent, in Designs the same ;
 So sweetly (where no Factious Jar distracts)
 The Temp'ral Patriot with the Prelate acts. They

They amply authoriz'd, with cautious Speed,
Wisely concert until they did succeed,
And charming Concord fully was decreed.

Great Peers ! with what Obstructions did ye meet ?
Such as were near insuperably great :
How did ye stem fierce Counter-rowling Tides,
And toil with various self-designing Sides ?
When *Gaul* to Bounds prescrib'd wou'd scarce give way,
Nor lessen its too far extended Sway :
When *Belgick* Lords long unpersuaded stood,
And wide Diffent th' Imperial Monarch vow'd,
Aiming to grasp that mighty Pow'r alone ;
Which He protests to be too great for One ;
Such Remora's your weighty Cause deferr'd,
'Till your Expostulations much rever'd,
With winning Force made stubborn *Gaul* to bow,
And what was just to ev'ry Claim allow :
Your nervous Words did firm Connection make,
And justling Atoms into Order spake.

Thou noble Column both of Church and State,
Great Ornament of both thy Stations great,
Successful Legate ! whose Orations sweet
Did Ears August with Words Balsamick greet ;
Soften the grand Assembly to incline
T'agree, with Pow'r like Energy Divine.
So spake fam'd *Nestor*, so did he advise,
Mellifluous in Speech, in Counsel wise ;
We Thee no less, than *Grecians* did him, prize.

Most honourable Prelate, may'st Thou be
Equal to *Nestor* in Longevity ;
And in a settl'd undisturb'd Repose,
Thy Years amongst us happy *Briton's* close.
Sure when inexorable Fate shall move
Thee from this Globe, thou'l brightly shine above ;
For if each vulgar Peace-promoter's stil'd
In sacred Leaves the Supreme Monarch's Child,
Thou who didst Nations calm can't reap no less,
Than for Reward to bear the strong Divine Impress.

Stay Muse, be not ingrate, brave *MARLBRO*'s Name
Pass not in Silence, whose Illustrious Fame,
The World thro'out a glorious Sound will make,
'Till the last Trump shall sleeping Mortals wake.

Nor will prepost'rous Rhymes disgrace thy Song,
Or the great Patriots of Concord wrong,
If warlike *Marlborough* to them be join'd ;
Peace the Result of War we often find.

Nor rigid Censors shall my Muse dissuade,
Nor Wits malevolent, whose Pens degrade
The brightest Hero's for the smallest Shade.
One Scruple of Defect in partial Scale
Against most pond'rous Merits will prevail.

O gentle Muse, may'st thou for ever be
From such too strict *Examinations* free :
Whose nice Remarks thou justly must expect
Will for one Beauty num'rous Scars detect.
How e'er proceed, thou'l suffer more Disgrace,
If in thy Work Great *Marlbro'* has no Place.

The glorious Actions by that Hero done
In foreign Camps, the frequent Lawrels won,
The stubborn Forts which his Attacks did rend,
The pallid Deaths which did his Arms attend,
Reduc'd the domineering Thoughts of *France*,
And peaceful Propositions did advance.

Had *British* Forces half so oft been foil'd,
Had our disorder'd Camps by *Gaul* been spoil'd ;
Had *Blenheim*, *Schellenberg*, *Ramellies* Day,
Darted on *Louis* a propitious Ray,
He torrent like had all the World bore down,
Nor Boundaries his Arrogance had known.
Then doubtless, warn'd by Proclamation loud,
All People, Nations, Languages had bow'd,
And to his lofty Statue prostrate fell,
Or try'd his Furnace hot, resembling Hell.
Then we for ever should our selves embroil,
Or stoop to Peace inglorious and vile :
Nor quiet Days had wretched *Europe* view'd
Unless imbitter'd with base Servitude.
But our exalted Warrior's Martial Fire,
From haughty Purposes made *France* retire ;
Urg'd him to beg destructive Arms to cease,
And with most willing Steps advance to Peace.

Unwearied Hero ! had we then agreed,
When *Gallia* did almost to fainting Bleed ;

After *Ramillia's* Rout, when frighted *Gaul*
 For Amity did to the Victors call,
 Then *ANNE* with better Terms had *France* out-brav'd,
 Treasures and Lives in Thousands had been sav'd.
 But Thou to Concord wast not then a Friend,
 Which wou'd thy Hopes of louder Triumphs end ;
 Thy Sword from Conquest thou could'st not refrain,
 The Old forgot, still panting New to gain :
 To Thee it was to be of Life bereft,
 When no more Scope was for great Actions left.
 Thus *Philip's* Son Victorious, pensive grew ;
 And having won the Globe, he Weeping wish'd a New.
 But Muse, thy War-descanting Strains give o're,
 And to transporting Peace return once more ;
 Let's to the Sacred Vaulted Temples go,
 And Heav'n adore for Health restor'd below.
 Those horrid Pangs which have some Lustres rag'd,
 In *Europe's* Body wrack'd, are now affwag'd :
 The foul morbidick Matter all is spent,
 And now takes Place, Ease, Vigour and Content.
 Peace ! on whose Basis all our Good depends,
 Which thro' the World its Blessings circling sends :
 Brisk Commerce now thro' ev'ry Clime shall flow,
 Nor longer shall a dull Stagnation know.
 Great Britain's floating Hills without controll,
 Shall plough the Ocean to each distant Pole ;
 Realms shall to one another freely range,
 Their Stores, and native Products to exchange.
 Securing Convoys will neglected grow,
 Each Merchant fearless will advance his Prow :
 They'll meet without rapacious fell Dispute,
 And vent their Thunder only to salute.
 Nor will the Land less than the Ocean prove
 A glad Spectator of this gen'ral Love,
 Which now array'd in its gay Youthful Dress,
 Welcomes th' Arrival of Thrice wish'd-for Peace.
 In the Year's Compafs let no Day be found
 With more exact Commemoration crown'd,
 Than that wherein the sweet-mouth'd Herald's Voice
 Divulges *Peace*, and bids the World rejoice ;

In its revolving Constant, let it be
 Distinguish'd with a Celebrating Glee.
 Now shall the Months their joyful Round commence,
 And largely scatter their Benevolence :
 Plenty with *Peace* shall crown the *British* Isle,
 And its glad Vales with wavy Corn shall smile ;
 The fleecy Flocks shall o're its Hills be spread,
 And Wealth of ev'ry Kind adorn *Britannia's* Head.

No Martial Toils the Tiller shall molest,
 But he shall sow and reap with Freedom blest ;
 Their dreadful Office Swords and Spears shall lose,
 Them quiet Rusticks shall hereafter use,
 Which they (form'd by Artificers expert)
 To Plow-shares shall, and Pruning-hooks convert.

Now will their Heads the drooping Muses rear,
 And of these Halcyon-days the Blessing share :
 The ravish'd Tribe will make the Valleys ring,
 While they to *ANNE* and *PEACE* loud Peans sing.
 The Universal Joy will them inspire
 Boldly to strike the sweet resounding Lyre ;
 They'll want no Room for Flights while *ANNA* reigns,
 She'll find them Matter for exalted Strains.

Hence ye Profane, hence then, away be gone,
 Who at this time sad low'ring Looks put on ;
 Who in hoarse Accents murmur and repine,
 Whose Tempers never will to *Peace* incline.
 Vexatious Spirits ! who hereafter must
 (Without a mighty Change) remain accurst
 And 'mongst Contentious Beings be for ever thrust.
 Whilst the Pacifick Soul, blest Concord's Friend,
 When flitting Time receives a perfect End,
 Shall mount aloft, and there rewarded gain
 That *PEACE* which incapacious Human Brain
 Within its narrow Cells at present can't contain.